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examine a little closer there was something in 'em queer. One horse was a stumbling like, and the other sort o' awkward in the hind quarters, and besides this, one of the sogers was squashed down between his own legs just as if his body had begun to melt like an icicle on a hot stove. The old man laughed, and asked me if I had ever read about the Moses and the spectacles? I knew what he meant but I didn't say anything. Now I see all about it, as you explain it in cheap art, and, as I said afore, I'm much obliged, and if it wasn't for the farm I'd go right into that business and see if I couldn't cheat back again. But the old man mustn't be left alone. There's a good many temptin' things in York that make a fellow think he might make something, and I've been hesitating about all of them, but the crops is so good this year, and the war raging pretty smart in Europe, and as breadstuff's up, I guess I'll wait till Sebastopol's clean took, afore I give up farming.

Your respectfully obliged friend,
TIMOTHY MAPLE.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We feel it to be an act of justice to the present management of the Academy of Music, to enforce our remarks last week upon the performances at this establishment. We have attended the late representations of the opera with the greatest satisfaction. Never before, in this city, has Opera been so well put upon the stage, not perhaps any better in so far as scenery and costume are concerned, but in more important particulars, such as competent performers for inferior parts, and extra drilling of the choruses. It seems to us the great feature of the Opera this season is the admirable combination of all parts essential to a complete performance.

A series of six performances will be given by Rachel at the Academy of Music on alternate nights with the opera, beginning on the sixth of November.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Harrison and Pyffe troupe who have played an unprecedentedly long engagement at this house in English opera closed their performances last week. After an interval of a fortnight the house will be open with the always attractive Ravels, together with other novelties.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Private Life of an Eastern King. J. S. REDFIELD, publisher. 12mo. pp. 206.

This is an odd book, or rather unique among other books as much so as Eastern Kings are among the rest of monarchs, and Englishmen, who love prize-fighting and scenes of blood are among their fellow men. The author resided at Lucknow for some months, many years ago, in the service of the King of Oude, a brutal specimen of humanity, who mingled native weakness and European vice together, and the picture of it, painted by the writer, is not surpassed by any we know of. The author exercises taste and discretion, inasmuch as he does not evidently fully describe all he saw, and for this he is to be thanked, even if he has included some incidents that were better omitted. The main feature of this book is that which relates to animal fights between elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, horses, buffaloes, antelopes, &c., as one

of the amusements of the court at Lucknow. The description of these horrid contests is very vivid and fascinating, and we may add sickening before we come to the end of the catalogue. There are, also, good descriptions of manners and customs, the interest of which, together with a lively style and considerable humor repay perusal, and make up an entertaining book. For the information of those curious about royal sporting, we extract the following:

"We soon found, however, that sporting with a king in company was a different thing from sporting with ordinary unanointed men. He was to have all the sport to himself, and for several days he had it all for himself. A screen was put up on the shore in front of the little bay I have already mentioned. The object of the screen was to prevent the king from being seen by the wild-fowl when he fired on them. They were enticed in great numbers to the waters of the little bay by parched corn and rice scattered plentiful on its surface. When they had collected in hundreds, if not thousands, on the surface of the water, the encampment being kept as still as possible, the king was informed all was ready. He came down to the screen noiselessly, an attendant carrying his Joe Manton. A hole had been properly prepared, in which the king inserted the end of Joe's muzzle. The birds swam about and picked up the corn, fighting, and screaming, and fluttering here and there, intent on their occupation—not for a moment thinking of majesty and Joe Manton. Blaze went the gun: the king himself had fired—a feat for accomplishing which he regarded himself as no little of a sportsman. The shot pattered in like hail among the birds, a good deal going harmlessly over them; for his majesty was nothing of a marksman. With loud cries the birds rose forthwith into the air, and disappeared in the forests. The attendants rushed into the water to secure the wounded and the dead. They brought out double as many as the king had injured, and made a little pile of them before the delighted 'refuge of the world.' 'Double as many!' you exclaim, good reader—'double as many as the king had injured.' Yes, double as many, at least; for, had the king not hit one, they would have brought out a goodly supply, which, of course, they also took in with them. It was the interest of all to keep his majesty in good humor; so the attendants were provided with birds recently brought in from the adjoining district. When they were in the water, standing up to their arm-pits in it, it was easy to untie the birds they had concealed about their persons; and who was to say, when they emerged from the lake, that all these had not been shot by his majesty and Joe Manton? Who, indeed? Not I, I assure the reader. The thousand rupees I drew from his majesty's treasury, monthly were of too much consequence to me to permit of my hinting such a thing."

Twice Married. DIX & EDWARDS, publishers, 12mo. pp. 264.

A well-told rural story, with carefully studied descriptions of character and scenes "in the steady old state of Connecticut." The following word-picture shows the descriptive powers of the author, as well as the style in which the book is written.

"The last great wain-load of red-top and clover had long since been hauled home from the most distant outland meadow, and with much clamor and rejoicing had been safely garnered upon the lofty summit of the fragrant mow. Where, erewhile, had waved fields of stout timothy, and golden oats and barley, now herds of cattle roamed at will, gleaming after

the reapers, unchecked by gates and bars, and safe from molestation and pursuit, as trespassers, by angry men and dogs. The pipe of the quail was heard among the patches of yellow stubble that checkered the yet green hill-sides. The maize stalks, bending with the weight of lusty years, had been despoiled of their nodding plumes; and between their long rows hosts of round, yellow pumpkins lay ripening in the sun among the withered vines. In the orchards, beneath the trees, the fallen fruit reddened the ground. Great heaps of rosy apples were piled beside the sheds, where all day long the creaking cider-mills uttered loud complaints, while from the press hard by the rich must trickled from the pummice, with a pleasant, tinkling sound, into the brimming vats. The foliage of the woods upon the western cliffs was mottled with gaudy hues of red and yellow. Even the crowns of the hardy elms were no longer green, and each rude breath of wind shook from aloft a shower of rustling leaves."

"In the chilly mornings, beneath the oaks and chestnuts, the frosty sward was bestrewn with mast, where provident squirrels, mindful of the coming winter, filled their capacious cheeks and then scampered nimbly homewards with their spoil along the tops of walls and fences. The berries of the mountain ash and asparagus, and the capsules on the rose-bushes had grown to ruddy maturity. By the roadside the withered milk-weed displayed the glossy, silken contents of their bursting pods, and the hazy air was full of thistle-down and floating gossamer. The frozy pastures were bright with the yellow blossoms of the golden rod and mullin. The measured, muffled thums of flails, and the clatter of fanning-mills all day resounded through the valley. All night the pensive crickets chirped the requiem of departed summer, and petulant katy-dids joined in the melancholy chorus with harsh dissonant cries. October, the month of plenty had arrived, with its bright but dwindling days and hale and frosty nights."

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

THE EXHIBITION IN DODWORTH'S BUILDING

—We were unavoidably compelled to omit farther notice of this collection of sketches and pictures from our last week's paper, and even this week cannot say as much of it as we should like.

The most remarkable picture to our mind is Mr. Oertel's prairie scene, Indians lassoing wild horses, which is full of fine drawing and animation, and, with the exception of the foreground, luminous and just in color. The huddle and fright of the horses overleaping each other, is effective and natural. The picture quite took us by surprise, having known the artist only through works which partook of the usual Germanic feeling, and not involving anything of the power and energy displayed in this.

Mr. Hart's large study from nature will probably disappoint his admirers, as well as those who are not such. It has none of the florid color and dexterous handling which characterizes most of his later pictures. It is carefully painted, and has much excellent study of detail. The color is more quiet than is common with him, but as a whole it is unequal, and the tree trunks in some cases lack woody quality, from want of firmness and accuracy of outline. Still it is a wide advance, and will lead to something better and more complete in the future.

Mr. Hall's "Beatrice," is a work of which we are not a little puzzled to speak. We suppose it is intended for Shakespeare's Beatrice, but are unable to detect the resemblance. *She* was a woman of wit and intellectual character; *this* is an insipidity, a characterless medley of features. We regret to see artists degrade character painting, and especially the ideal of Shakespeare, by painting mere costume pieces, and giving them names which might be anything else as well. Mr. Hall's picture is simply and purely a study of a figure made with reference to color, and should have been justly called a study of color.

As to color, it is forced beyond repose, and intense at the expense of harmony. Mr. Hall has really a fine sense of color, as is shown by the sketches of flowers and fruit in this exhibition, but he has fallen into evil ways of study, and seems to have forgotten that harmony is the noblest quality of the colorist, and that to be elevated in color it is necessary to preserve moderation. The draperies of this figure are painted apparently with the artist's fullest force of color, and without any subordination of parts, the inevitable result of which is, that the picture leaves no single impression beyond that of a profusion of color. It is a great thing to be a colorist, a position to be attained only by severe study, added to rare natural feeling. The feeling Mr. Hall may have, but this picture, and the *Rosalind* as well, shows that the delicate study of tones and tints necessary to develop the talent has not been bestowed. Overcharged color is bad color, except in the hands of the mightiest men, and the best promise of excellence as colorist, is perfect truth of tint, which must perforce be harmonious. We sometimes speak of color as secondary in art—it is so only to the student, because if studied for itself alone, its fascination is such that all else is forgotten. In the grand result of art, color is what versification is to poetry, the indispensable requisite to perfection—a thing worth a life's labor, and not to be reached at in one youth.

Mr. Greene has a portrait in the collection, which though not particularly attractive in color, is yet so just and careful in its gradations, and above all, so full of noble womanly character, that it gives promise of great excellence when the mastery of materials shall be complete.

There are some other minor works—a head of "Hope," by Oertel, some smaller studies by Hart, and a sweet study of young prairie fowl, by Tait.

We learn by a private letter that Mr. Healy, now in Paris, will soon return to this country. He intends to pass the winter in Chicago, Illinois. Rossiter, May, Cranch, Gifford and Kellogg, are in Paris.

MR. EDWIN WHITE returned from Europe in the *Hermann*, after an absence of five years.

DAVID LEAVITT, Esq., has lately erected a fine house in the village of Great Barrington,

Mass., in which is a feature not often encountered away from the environs of a large city, namely, a very fine picture-gallery. This gallery is a capacious room, and is tastefully arranged, and is, moreover, full of pictures. Among the paintings are three by Leutze, one of which is the "Battle of Monmouth," occupying the entire wall at one end of the room, the others being "The Battle of Lexington," and "Sir Walter Raleigh parting from his Wife." The balance of the pictures are mainly "old masters." The liberality of Mr. Leavitt enables the public to visit the gallery at all reasonable hours, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that the privilege is turned to account. The gallery has already become one of the principal attractions of Berkshire county.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE IN PARIS.—The exhibitors of the Greek Slave are thinking of withdrawing it from Paris. Its expenses, in five weeks, have been \$1,500, and its receipts barely \$130. The Fine Art critics have visited it, but the papers they represent are still dumb. There is only one opinion as to the cause of this failure—the absurdly eulogistic language of the show-bill. This has been since translated into English, and has been distributed in all *cafés* on the Boulevards. It says that Powers' Greek Slave is not only the best production of modern art, but is fully equal to anything in ancient art. Naturally enough, this has classed it among those numerous exhibitions whose purpose it is to deceive and entrap the unwary. Under different auspices, the Greek Slave might have met a better fate; but, in no case ought the exhibitor of a single statue to expect to make a fortune from it in Paris, where whole Louvres of acknowledged masterpieces are to be seen for nothing.—*The Entree*.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

PROF. WILHELM VON KAULBACH, after having illustrated Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs," and other standard works of German literature, has now turned, for the same purpose, to the dramas of Shakespeare. The first number of his "Shakespeare Galerie," containing three highly executed engravings after scenes from "Macbeth," has recently been published, and is spoken of by the German journals in terms of enthusiastic praise. The next numbers will be dedicated to "The Tempest," and "King John." Engravers of eminence—Prof. Eichens, of Berlin; Herren L. Jacoby, and A. Hoffmann, of Berlin; Prof. Eug. Eduard Schaeffer, of Munich, and others—have been engaged for the enterprise.—*Athenæum*.

THE new picture gallery at the Dresden Museum is to be shortly opened. The arrangement is highly spoken of by the *Deutsches Kunstblatt*.—An Exhibition, on the British Institution model, has been opened at Dresden. There are about 538 pictures,—70 only of the Old Masters. The best works are those of Panzer, Stoddart, and John Simpson.—*Athenæum*.

PAINTING in France has just lost one of its celebrities by the death of M. Camille Roqueplan, after a protracted illness. He was born at Mallemort (Bouches du Rhône) in the year 1803—was educated in the studio of Gros, and at the age of twenty made himself remarked as one who would do good service to picturesque Art, then reviving in France. This youthful promise was performed by M. Roqueplan, both as a designer and as a colorist. His pictures are many, and on every variety of subject; and the best among them (such, for instance, as the graceful illustrations of passages from Rous-

seau's "Confessions") will always keep a good and peculiar place in the best collections of modern French pictures.—*Athenæum*.

THE French papers mention that the prizes for Architectural Drawing at the Ecole des Beaux Arts were awarded to M. Daumet, M. Guillaume and M. Lebas. The subject was a Conservatoire de Musique, having a façade of 260 yards on a public square, and containing concert-room, theatre, library, and museum. M. Chapu, pupil of Pradier, obtained the first prize for Sculpture. His statue was unfortunately broken in setting up, and yet on the fragments being put together it gained the prize. The second reward was given to M. Doubleinard, and the third to M. Rolland. All three gentlemen had been pupils of M. Duret. In painting, the prizes were awarded to M. Clère and M. de Cominck, pupils of M. Cogniet. The subject was Cæsar's exhortation to the pilot in a storm—"Be not alarmed. Thou bearest Cæsar and his fortunes."—*Athenæum*.

PROOFS of the ancient grandeur of Rome are being continually brought to light. On the Aventine, archaeological researches have taken place, and a wall of very early construction has been found formed of masses of tufa, after the manner of the Etruscans. It was recognized as part of the old wall with which Servius Tullius surrounded the city. In digging the foundations for the pedestal of a statue, which is to be erected in the Piazza di Spagna, the basement of an old edifice has been discovered; and amongst other objects found there are two urns of antique sculpture; one of which is Greek, and has carved upon it the head of Ulysses covered with the *pileus*. The Pontifical Museums, says the correspondent, had not the image of that hero, so that this is a precious acquisition for them. The excavations in the Via Appia have brought to light many inscriptions, some mosaic pavements, and the sepulchre of the family of Cotta. The works, too, are being carried on in the Roman Forum, and the Basilica Rupia, where steps of yellow marble have been found, as also fragments of large columns and Christian inscriptions.—*Athenæum*.

ON one of the hilly moorland meadows, not far from St. Austle Bay, commanding one of those views of rock and valley scenery at once soft and wild, which are peculiar to Cornwall, a piece of work is in quiet progress, under a shed, which the autumn tourists and excursion-makers visit. This is the gradual reduction into shape and polish of the huge block of Cornish porphyry which is to serve as sarcophagus for the remains of the Duke of Wellington. This enormous stone—weighing seventy tons when it was originally detached, and wrought on the spot where it was formed—is of a grain so impenetrable as almost to defy the cutter's craft. The sawing of it into halves was a long and painful task, and the two men now employed in hollowing it out seem given up to the most slow-going task conceivable at the time present,—since more than two cannot work, and the impression made by their picks in the huge mass is a thing to be measured from week to week, not day to day. There is ten months' more work to be done ere the adamant rock will be shaped and smoothed into the required form. The color is of an intense deep grey, mottled with black and pale buff, and streaked with veins of white.—*Athenæum*.

A CORRESPONDENT makes mention of an extraordinary work, executed in S. Romano, in Tuscany. It is a little urn of wood on which are carved, in the midst of leaves and flowers, more than 500 figures. It has been the labor of eleven years, and accomplished with a penknife only. At the very first sight, he says, one cannot refrain from admiration at the patience and care displayed in the completion of a work so singular.—*Athenæum*.